



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600099205V





600099205V





HYMNS

FOR

PRIVATE DEVOTION;

SELECTED

AND

ORIGINAL.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

W. DANIELL, 53, MORTIMER STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1865

2

3



600099205V





H Y M N S .

HYMN I.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.



Now the Christian's bark behold
Lonely on life's troubled sea ;
He shall reach with joy untold
The haven where he fain would be.

'Tis the Lord as pilot guiding,
He can well the vessel moor ;
And the Christian thus confiding,
Finds in hope an anchor sure.

Ne'er that anchor shall deceive him ;
Grounded on redeeming love,
Till his Saviour shall receive him,
To the port of rest above !

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN III.

ABIDE with me : fast falls the even-tide ;
The darkness thickens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.



G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

P R E F A C E.

THIS selection of Hymns would not have been added to those already published, had not the Original Compositions, kindly contributed by several friends of the Editor, been thought too valuable to be restricted to a private circle. In some of the Hymns, already well known, a few slight alterations have been ventured upon, which, it is hoped, will be deemed improvements; in most cases, they have been made with the advice and assistance of the same friends whose poetry has so greatly enriched the volume.

Jan. 1863.



H Y M N S .

HYMN I.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.



not have been
l, had not the
ontributed by
been thought
to a private
is, already well

ons have been
loped, the



G. NORMAN, PRINTER, MAIDEN LANE, COVENT GARDEN.

HYMN VII.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest.

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast !

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world’s light.
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus, and I saw
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till all my days are done.

H. BONAR.

HYMN VIII.

O ! THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee :
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day,
For good remember me.

P R E F A C E.

THIS selection of Hymns would not have been added to those already published, had not the Original Compositions, kindly contributed by several friends of the Editor, been thought too valuable to be restricted to a private circle. In some of the Hymns, already well known, a few slight alterations have been ventured upon, which, it is hoped, will be deemed improvements; in most cases, they have been made with the advice and assistance of the same friends whose poetry has so greatly enriched the volume.

Jan. 1863.



H Y M N S .

HYMN I.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.



H Y M N S .

HYMN I.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.



H Y M N S .

HYMN I.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

' Welcome, welcome, land of light,
 ' Welcome, day that knows no night ;
 ' Welcome, living streams of joy
 ' That can neither fail nor cloy !

 ' Happy is the humblest place
 ' Where we see our Father's face ;
 ' Come, Lord Jesus ! quickly come,
 ' Bear us weary travellers home !'

C. S. B.

HYMN XIII.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
 Great God, are in thy hand ;
 My choicest comforts come from thee,
 And go at thy command.

If thou shouldst take them all away,
 Yet would I not repine ;
 Before they were possessed by me
 They were entirely thine.

Nor would I speak a murmuring word,
 Though the whole world were gone ;
 But seek enduring happiness
 In thee, and thee alone.

What is the world, with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet ;
When I attempt to pluck a rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found ;
The honey's mix'd with gall :
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be, Lord, my All in All !

BEDDOME.

HYMN XIV.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name ;
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils his shining face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil ;
On Christ, the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the breaking flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay ;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

When he shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh ! may I then in him be found,
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne ;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

HYMN XV.

O SAVIOUR, may we never rest,
Till thou art formed within ;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin.

O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight,
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And earthly sorrows light.

Until released from carnal ties ;
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees true peace above the skies,
True joy in heavenly things.

There as we gaze, may we become,
United, Lord, to thee ;
And in a fairer, happier home,
Thy perfect beauty see.

HYMN XVI.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord ;
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

In secret I have often prayed,
But still the anxious tears would fall ;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the hallowed morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice—
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;
Our's be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

HYMN XVII.

O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death
That casts itself on thee ?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me.

Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
 And thine availing blood ;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send :
By him some word of life impart,
And softly whisper to my heart,
 “Thy Father is thy friend.”

The King of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
 To call my soul away :
Uncloy'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day.

TOPLADY.

HYMN XVIII.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be,)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine ;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

COWPER.

HYMN XIX.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To thee, O God, I pray :
To thee my withered hands arise,
To thee I lift these failing eyes ;
O cast me not away.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love, with all a mother's care,
Sustained my childish days,
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour, has thy grace declined ?
Can years affect the eternal mind ?
 Or time its love decay ?
A thousand ages pass thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.

Then e'en in age and grief, thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee :
Oh ! yet this bosom feels the fire ;
This trembling hand and drooping lyre,
 Have yet a strain for thee.

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
 Thy goodness tried so long ;
Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away,
 Into a seraph's song.

SIR R. GRANT.

HYMN XX.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the mourner's plea ?
Does not that promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

O ! happiness bestowed on me,
To have an advocate with thee :
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not :
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

Hymn XXI.

No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue ;
Oh, happiness, not to be found !
Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste ;
I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,
The voice of true wisdom inspires ;
'Tis sufficient, if *peace* be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love ;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

COWPER.

HYMN XXII.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy æra begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

Oh ! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet him, whom absent, I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen, I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the stroke which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

COWPER & ROLLESTON.

HYMN XXIII.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are filled with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

HYMN XXIV.

HOLY Lord God ! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight,
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

COWPER.

HYMN XXV.

Oh ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill !

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

COWPER.

HYMN XXVI.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ;
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee !

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

COWPER.

HYMN XXVII.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth !

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

COWPER.

HYMN XXVIII.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the wintry sky ;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm ;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say—Peace, be still.

Amidst the roarings of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;
Let neither winds, nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

HYMN XXIX.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few ;
I fain would strive for more,
But when I cry, ' My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer ;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache !
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

COWPER.

HYMN XXX.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehoyah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open, Lord, the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

HYMN XXXI.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and guardian of my life,
Blest source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour ! thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

HYMN XXXII.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "Thou hast died."

Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

NEWTON.

HYMN XXXIII.

Look back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done ;
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eye-lids dried,
And rescued from impending death,
When I in danger cried.

When on the bed of death I lay,
With sickness sore oppressed,
How oft hath he assuaged my griefs,
And lulled my eyes to rest !

Back from destruction's yawning pit
At his command I came ;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And raised its feeble flame.

My broken spirit he hath cheered,
When torn with inward grief ;
And when temptations pressed me sore,
Hath brought me swift relief.

My soul from everlasting death
Is by his mercy brought,
To tell in Zion's sacred gates
The wonders he hath wrought.

Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs ;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heavenly songs.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXIV.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O ! happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love !
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done ! the great transaction's done :
I am my Lord's and he is mine ;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
With ashes who would grieve to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast !

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXV.

WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind ;
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?

Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;
Awakened conscience gives you pain ;
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue ;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God ! thy power impart
To fix conviction in the heart ;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXVI.

“ BEHOLD I come (the Saviour cries,)
“ With winged speed I come ;
“ My voice shall call your souls away
“ To their eternal home.

“ Awake, ye sons of sloth, awake ;
“ Your vain amusements cease,
“ And strive with your united pow’rs
“ That ye be found in peace.

“ Seize the blest hour with ardent haste,
“ Nor slight this peaceful word,
“ Lest your affrighted souls in vain
“ Fly from my flaming sword.

“ Happy the man, whose ready heart
“ Obeys the sacred call ;
“ And shelters in my cov'nant grace
“ His everlasting all.”

Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye
My inmost powers can see ;
Dost thou not know my willing soul
Hath lodged that all with thee ?

These eager eyes thy signal wait ;
My dear Redeemer, come :
I rove, a weary pilgrim here ;
And long to be at home.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXVII.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love,
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear ?

Hast thou a lamb within thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name ?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame ?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
But O ! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXVIII.

WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
It faints my much-loved Lord to see ;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home :
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

That blessed interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet !
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wing !
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Saviour's high commands !

Yet with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XXXIX.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PERONNET.

HYMN XL.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XLI.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XLII.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !

How soon the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear !

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet like an idle tale we pass,
The swift advancing year,
And study artful ways, to increase
The speed of its career.

Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise,
Or this may bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XLIII.

“WE would see Jesus”—for the shadows
lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life:
“We would see Jesus,” our weak faith to
strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.

“We would see Jesus”—for life’s hand hath
rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and
brow;
And though our souls have many a billow
breasted
Others are rising in the distance now.

“ We would see Jesus”—the great Rock foundation,

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace :

Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

“ We would see Jesus”—yet our spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers,

Our love to Thee makes not that love less strong.

“ We would see Jesus”—sense is all too blinding,

And heaven appears too dim, too far away,
We would see Thee, to have a sweet reminding,
That thou hast promised our great debt to pay.

“ We would see Jesus”—this is all we’re needing,

Life, strength and willingness come with the sight ;

“ We would see Jesus,” dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

HYMN XLIV.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our panting souls aspire
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place :
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose :
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O ! long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XLV.

BEHOLD, the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known :
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

But, lo ! a ray of light,
From realms of heavenly day,
Breaks on the dreary shades of night,
To chase my fears away.

Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

Dear Saviour, lead me home,
Nor let me doubt thy love;
I'll pass the valley's darkest gloom,
To dwell with thee above.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN XLVI.

O FROM this state of sin and death
To be for ever free,
And dwell, beyond the inner veil,
My risen Lord, with thee.

Thither, by everlasting love,
The Church triumphant led,
Are singing now the new-made song,
To Jesus Christ their Head.

I would be there—that my glad voice
I might among them raise ;
Not feebly, as I do on earth,
But with immortal praise.

I would be there—that not as now,
Cold and imperfect still ;
But with completeness and with joy,
I might perform thy will.

I would be there—because I know,
That when thy face I see,
I shall be like,—O glorious hope !
My risen Lord, to thee.

HYMN XLVII.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free :
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee :
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN XLVIII.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last ;

Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painfnl bed—for thou hast died ;
Then, point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

GRANT.

HYMN XLIX.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.

O, for grace our hearts to soften ;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above :
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

HYMN L.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn :
The heathen in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBEI

HYMN LI.

Blessed are they who passing through the valley of
Baca, make it a well.—Ps. lxxxiv. 6.

THERE is a vale in Israel's road,
The path is dark, and sad, and drear,
Tis worn by many a heavy load,
Watered by many a pilgrim's tear.

Yet thence the Christian best may view,
The happy land he seeks on high,
Jerusalem, the bright, the new,
Meets his enraptured kindling eye.

He sees beyond this thorny way,
The turrets of her temple rise,
He hails the streak of opening day,
Break through his veiled and clouded skies.

And in that vale a well is found,
That can his fainting soul sustain,
Its waters pure and fresh abound,
When every earthly stream is vain.

Soon shall he join the glorious band,
Who trod that valley long before,
But now have reached the blessed land,
Where sin and woe are known no more.

F. S. C.

HYMN LII.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry,—Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long,
My harp has silent hung ;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till thou inspire my tongue ?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee,
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?

God of my life be near ;
On thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

HYMN LIII.

WHEN struggling passions rage within
To gain the mastery of the soul,
To drag me headlong into sin,
Despising reason's weak control,
Then bid those struggling passions cease :
Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

When worldly cares my thoughts perplex,
With sad presage of future woes,
When troubles keen my spirits vex,
The loss of friends, the hate of foes ;
Then bid those cares and troubles cease :
Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

When fears are strong and faith is weak,
When anxious doubts disturb my breast,
And far and near I vainly seek
A short repose, and find no rest ;
Then bid those fears and doubtings cease :
Oh ! hear my prayer, thou God of peace !

And when at length this earthly scene
Shall fade before my glimmering sight,
Should clouds of darkness intervene
To hide thy beams of heavenly light,
Then bid those clouds of darkness cease,
And take me to the realms of peace !

G. H.

HYMN LIV.

WHEN, Lord, my former years
Through all their course I trace,
How large the sum appears
Of mercy and of grace !

But still my languid heart
Beats dull and cold within,
Still hesitates to part
With all the toys of sin.

Still, still it clings around
The idols of my love,
And all its joys are found
Afar from joys above.

Then, teach me, Lord, to feel
How large a debt I owe;
And give me ardent zeal
To serve thee here below,

Oh ! let thy Spirit warm
This icy breast of mine ;
Break, break each earthly charm,
And make me wholly thine.

G. H.

HYMN LV.

FATHER, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art ;
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea
And comprehend thy love to me :
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height
Of love divinely infinite.

Jesus, my great high-priest above,
My friend before the throne of love ;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear and my weak petitions join,
Almighty advocate to thine !

O sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Give me thyself, or else I die :
Save me from death, from hell set free ;
What are they, but the want of thee ?
My life, my crown, my heaven thou art,
O may I find thee in my heart !

TOPLADY.

HYMN LVI.

Of all the starry regions round,
Who can the limits trace?
Or who can tell how many worlds
Exist in yonder space?

And yet the God who made them all,
To me extends his care,
Protects my path, and guards my bed,
And numbers every hair.

Angelic spirits once presumed
Against him to rebel,
And were at once for ever doomed
In fire and chains to dwell.

Yet, rebel as I am, to me
He grants a free release
From sin, and death, and endless woe,
And proffers instant peace.

To bleed and suffer on the cross,
His only Son is given,
That I from sinful earth may rise,
To sinless joys in Heaven.

Then wake my soul, and bid my breast
With holier fervour glow,
Or burst the sluggish chain that binds
My spirit here below.

Soar if thou canst, on wings of faith,
And join the hosts above,
Who, ceaseless, day and night proclaim
The wonders of his love.

G. H.

HYMN LVII.

“At evening time it shall be light.”

We journey through a vale of tears
By many a cloud o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last ! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
Poor Pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve it shall be light !

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy stormy path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe with living faith
His love and power divine,
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
His sun of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
At eve it shall be light !

BARTON.

HYMN LVIII.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God—
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

WATTS.

HYMN LIX.

OH ! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away :
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought,) which devils fear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But one can yet perform the deed ;
That one in all his grace I need.
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

HART.

HYMN LX.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode.

Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a refuge find :
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest. MILMAN.

HYMN LXI.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyelids of the blind,
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN LXII.

OH! Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone;
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too—

Oh ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
The peace-branch from above ?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

HYMN LXIII.

THY neighbour ? It is he whom thou,
Hast power to aid and bless ;
Whose aching head or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, care, and pain,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that heart bereft,
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan helpless left,
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose thoughts are all beyond the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

O pass not heedless—pass not on,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery,
Go, share thy lot with him.

HYMN LXIV.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

HYMN LXV.

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his or am I not ?

If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard thy name.

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall :
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all ?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all ; I pray,
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day !

NEWTON.

HYMN LXVI.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say "he's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

So much, (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them
That we may praise him too.

NEWTON.

HYMN LXVII.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus ! crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
I would seek it, Lord, in thee :
Thee to serve, and thee to know,
Constitute our joy below ;
Thee to see and thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny ;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die :
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if thou art mine.

Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy :
Here, O may I walk with thee,
Then into thy presence die !

Let me but thyself possess,
 Total sum of happiness ;
 Real bliss I then shall prove,
 Heaven below and heaven above.

TOPLADY.

HYMN LXVIII.

HALLELUJAH ! hark on high !
 How the countless myriads cry,
 Hallelujah !
 Like a thousand thunders roaring,
 Like a thousand torrents pouring,
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! melting floats
 On the infant's silver notes,
 "Here," they lisp, "are we possessing
 "Unimagined boundless blessing."
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! loud and long
 Swells the youth's robuster tongue,
 Quelled and pardoned every passion,
 Deep they roll their adoration.
 Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! prudent age,
Adds in accents slow and sage,
“ From cares and sorrows disencumbered,
“ Here we offer thanks unnumbered.”

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! mild appears
The thin group of bending years,
And with quivering voice uneven,
Chaunt for their long sins forgiven.

Hallelujah !

Thrones and powers of every name,
Cherub beauty, seraph flame,
Join with man. till heaven so stable,
Shakes with one inimitable

Hallelujah !

PENTYCROSS.

HYMN LXIX.

RISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :

Yet a season, and ye know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

HYMN LXX.

O LORD ! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee, in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same ;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?

No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh ! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil ;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide ;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside ?

O Lord ! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more !

RYLAND.

HYMN LXXI.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless come to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

TOPLADY.

F

HYMN LXXII.

EXALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crowned, in white array,
My wandering soul says, Who are they?

These are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesu's blood,
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo ! they shine,
Their glories great, their joys divine,
Tell me their origin and say,
Their order what ? and whence came they ?

Through tribulation great they came,
They bare the cross, they bare the shame,
Within the living temple blest,
In God they dwell, in God they rest.

Unknown to mortal ears they sing,
The several glories of their King ;
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise ?

Jesus the Saviour, is the theme,
They sing the wonders of his name,
They sing the wonders of his grace,
His spotless robe of righteousness.

HYMN LXXIII.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.

Sweet to look upward to the throne
Where Jesus pleads above ;
Sweet to look inward, and behold
The tokens of his love.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down,
Sweet to look forward, and survey
The future heavenly crown.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember that his death
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust the promises ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What will the fountain be ?
For saints and angels draw their bliss
From him immediately !

'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disembodied soul,
Behold him and adore,
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

TOPLADY.

HYMN LXXIV.

“It is finished,” shall we raise
Songs of sorrow, or of praise ?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim his victory ?

If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell ;
If of man redeemed from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow ?

Ours the guilt that pierced his side,
Ours the sin for which he died ;
But the precious blood then spilt
Washed away our sin and guilt.

Lamb of God, thy death has given,
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven ;
“ It is finished”—let us raise,
Songs of thankfulness and praise !

DUBLIN COLLECTION.

HYMN LXXV.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners by th’ old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXVI.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide,
Thou'l find him in the evil days,
Thine all-sufficient strength and guide :
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs ;
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies :
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content,
To take whate'er his gracious will
His all-discerning love hath sent :
Doubt not our inmost wants are known,
To him who chose us for his own.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from his ways,
But do thine own part faithfully ;
Trust his rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee :
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

HYMN LXXVII.

LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When cruel foes against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek—they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere,
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

F 2

HYMN LXXVIII.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay :
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread :
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days ;
O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise.

There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come,)
No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXIX.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”
Revelation iii. 20.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks ; has knocked before ;
Has waited long ; is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill.

O gracious attitude ! he stands
With melting heart and open hands ;
O matchless kindness ; and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !

But will he prove a Friend indeed ?
He will, the very Friend you need ;
The man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Cast out his enemy and thine,
That soul-enslaving tyrant sin ;
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Admit Him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet departed ne'er return !
Admit Him ; or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.

Yet know, (nor of the terms complain,)
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign ;
To reign with universal sway ;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

Sovereign of souls ! thou Prince of peace !
O may thy gentle reign increase !
Throw wide the door each willing mind !
And be his empire all mankind.

HYMN LXXX.

Oh ! that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still ;
Oh ! that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

Oh ! send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

My soul has gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXI.

SWEET sacred name, that like a spell
Rests round this heart,—Emmanuel !
Watchword of peace, and sigh of love,
'Twixt man below, and God above ;
Best blessing of redemption, thus
To be assured of “God with us.”

“God with us,” in our hour of need,
“God with us,” his own blood to plead,
“God with us,” as our guide and stay,
To hear, to answer when we pray,
And make us feel, what joy 'tis thus
To be assured of “God with us”

Let hell combine, and men oppose,
Angels or devils prove our foes ;
Heights, principalities, or powers,
Seek to despoil this hope of ours—
They cannot, dare not harm, while thus
We feel assured of “ God with us.”

Lord, draw us near, that we may be
For ever walking close with thee ;
That we may live as in thy sight,
And love thee as our chief delight,
And, taught by faith, may ever thus
Retain thee, as a “ God with us.”

MONSELL.

HYMN LXXXII.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

My crimes though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

Oh ! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXIII.

It is thy hand my God,
My sorrow comes from thee ;
I bow beneath thy chast'ning rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

I would not murmur, Lord ;
Before thee I am dumb :
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To thee for help I come.

My God, thy name is love,
A Father's hand is thine ;
With tearful eyes I look above :
And cry,—“Thy will be mine.”

I know thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe ;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

Jesus for me hath died,
Thy Son thou didst not spare,
His pierced hands, his bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

Here my poor heart can rest,
My God it cleaves to thee ;
Thy will is love, thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

HYMN LXXXIV.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come !
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

They shall find rest that learn of me :
I am of meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXV.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXVI.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus :”
“Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“For he was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXVII.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our almighty Father's throne ;
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Oh ! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above ;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move !
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease !
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

WATTS.

HYMN LXXXIX.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them, whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

WATTS.

HYMN XC.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

WATTS.

HYMN XCI.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls, to thee repair,
And Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ;
Be that far from thee, Lord.

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ O help my unbelief !”

She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, " Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view,
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch thee, if we may ;
Oh ! send us not despairing home
Send none unhealed away.

HYMN XCII.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove !
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

WATTS.

HYMN XCIII.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
“To do to all men just the same
“As we expect or wish from them.”

This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

How blest would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a Paradise below.

Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

WATTS.

HYMN XCIV.

THOU, whom my soul admires above
All other joy, all earthly love,
Tell me, kind Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?

Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood ;
Here to these hills my soul would come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

WATTS.

HYMN XCV.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor should his saints forget.

Now, let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN XCVI.

How sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word :
“ Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
“ And trust upon the Lord.”

My soul, obey the Almighty call,
And run to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh ! help my unbelief.

To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all !

WATTS.

HYMN XCVII.

How vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

WATTS.

HYMN XCVIII.

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet :
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compared to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields :
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
Oh! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine!

Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I hail the bright, the Morning Star.

Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

Oh ! let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

WATTS.

HYMN XCIX.

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God, they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing ;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannahs ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their sun ; whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishmeut divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

HYMN C.

How vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is our's, and worlds to come ;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are our's, the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood :
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great :
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will ;
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

WATTS.

—
HYMN CI.

Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe ?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

HYMN CII.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy !

But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

Yet the sure path to thine abode
Lies through this dreary land ;
Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come ;
There, Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home.

Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

WATTS.

HYMN CIII.

CHAS'D from its own lov'd haunts away,
How shall the hart its thirst allay ?
Sadly to coverts strange it hies,
Dreams of its native brooks, and dies !

And shall not I, from Judah torn,
With heaving breast, my exile mourn ;
Where is fair Zion's holy hill,
And, Kedron, where thy blessed rill ?

Where are the friends my griefs to share,
And sweetly strengthen me in prayer ;
The social hymn, that bears elate
The spirit up to heaven's high gate.

All outward joys are gone and thou,
Thou only Lord, art with me now,
But oh ! if thou my comfort be,
Have I not more than all in thee ?

HYMN CIV.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.

The volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my griefs assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

WATTS.

HYMN CV.

PLUNGED in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (Oh ! amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains :
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold !
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

WATTS.

HYMN CVI.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But, timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.

HYMN CVII.

WHILE I am banished from thy house,
I mourn in secret, Lord ;
“ When shall I come and pay my vows,
“ And hear thy holy word ? ”

So, while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my soul shall groan,
“ When shall I wing my heavenly way,
“ And stand before thy throne ? ”

I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace :
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin attack me there :
But saints exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

I'm pleased to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love ;
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.

HYMN CVIII.

HE came, whose embassy was peace,
He left his throne above,
To prove, if enmity would cease
Beneath the power of love.

He came, whose errand was *to give*,
His hand was opened wide,
Yea, at our need, that we might live,
He gave himself,—and died.

What had the world for him?—’twas meet,
To answer love with love,
With signs of thankful joy to greet,
The stranger from above.

For him! with all its proud array,
Of kingdom, palace, tower?
He was a wanderer each day,
A mourner every hour.

For Him! with all its glory spread
Before its Maker’s sight?
He had not where to lay his head—
That wearied head by night.

For Him! his days were almost past,
His sorrows well nigh o’er;
But lo, the world will give at last,
From its abundant store!

The shameful cross, the piercing thorn,
The vinegar and gall,
The world gives these with cruel scorn,
And he endures them all.

Oh world ! that cross doth still proclaim,
On earth,—in heaven above,
The story of thy guilt and shame,
The wonders of *his* love.

HYMN CIX.

JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come !

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest ?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest ;
Christ brings relief to hearts opprest ;
O weary sinner, come !

Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but worthless dross,
His grace o'er-pays all earthly loss ;
O needy sinner, come !

Come hither ! bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
O trembling sinner, come !

HYMN CX.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

HYMN CXI.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face ;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

WATTS.

HYMN CXII.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
“ I am thy love, thy God, thy all ! ”
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

FROM THE GERMAN.

H 2

HYMN CXIII.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

WATTS.

HYMN CXIV.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How calm their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

WATTS.

HYMN CXV.

UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my ardent spirit fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ !
Can make this load of guilt remove ;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove !

Oh ! might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable to my eyes !

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

WATTS.

HYMN CXVI.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue my passions, Oh my soul !
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t'encounter there ;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown !

WATTS.

HYMN CXVII.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine ;
For present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fasten'd within the vail,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving spirit the sweet gale,
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come ;
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm
That drives us nearer home.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Yet learn in every state,
To make his will your own ;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

TOPLADY.

HYMN CXVIII.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead ;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies ;
" Seraphs ! the mighty and the wise
" Say, what expedient can ye give,
" To punish sin while sinners live ?

“ Speak—**are you strong** to bear the load,
“ The weighty vengeance of a God ?
“ Which of **you** loves our wretched race,
“ Or dares to venture in our place ?”

In vain we ask ; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground :
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But oh ! unutterable grace !
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place ;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his sacred arms, and dies !

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Gaze on the scene with glad surprise ;
Ye heavenly powers, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face ;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The wisdom of a Deity !

Lo ! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord !
By all the flaming hosts adored ;
And say, blest Conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song ?

WATTS.

HYMN CXIX.

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Even now to their eternal home,
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

Oh ! Jesus, be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

HYMN CXX.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of him,
Who form'd the earth and sky ?

Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
When comes thy evil day ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of ages stands ;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN CXXI.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :

This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love ;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

Then we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXII.

MY gracious Lord, thy love must be
Abiding, faithful, full and free,
Such love alone could suit my case,
A sinner, ransomed by thy grace.

It must be *free*, for I have nought,
By which thy love could e'er be bought ;
Empty I am, or filled with sin,
Defiled all o'er, without, within.

It must be *full*, my need to meet,
Sweeter than all the world calls sweet,
A measure press'd, and flowing o'er,
Beyond the worldling's boasted store.

. It must be *faithful*, or I know
It had been wearied long ago ;
No love, but faithful love like thine,
Could bear a wand'ring heart like mine.

It must abide each changing scene,
And be as it hath ever been,
Unsought, unchanging, full and free,
Such love could only dwell with thee.

And with thee, Lord, such love is found,
Refreshing all this barren ground ;
If such our portion, well may we
Contented lose ourselves in thee.

HYMN CXXIII.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His chosen name is Love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the decisive hour.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXIV.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud "Amen."

WATTS.

HYMN CXXV.

Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence;
Too deep to sound by mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now thou arrayest thine awful face,
In angry frowns without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace;
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars, and the night.

Dear Father ! if thy lifted rod,
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXVI.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day !
Arise, and with thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away !

Come, blessed Lord ! let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

Jesus ! thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine :
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine !

HYMN CXXVII.

HE dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him, who groaned beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

Here's love and grief, beyond degree ;
The Lord of Glory dies for men ;
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, though dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies !
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies !

Cease then to weep, ye saints ; and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns !
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains !
Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
" Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

WATTS.

HYMN CXXVIII.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind !
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord ! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hand, and glance mine eyes ;
Oh ! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll !
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

WATTS.

HYMN CXXIX.

MUCH in sorrow, oft' in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe :
Faint not ! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians ; will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
Will ye flee in danger's hour,
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March, in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. WHITE.

FINISHED BY F. S. F. M.

HYMN CXXX.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark ;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,—
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm of danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. WHITE.

HYMN CXXXI.

Original Lines by COWPER, to MRS. UNWIN, on her
becoming blind.

MARY ! oft my mind recalls thee,
Resting on the arm divine ;
Happy, whatsoe'er befalls thee,
Faith, the Christian's anchor thine !

Though in outward darkness journeying,
Glorious light for thee is sown ;
Israel's pillar brightly burning,
Guides thee on to mercy's throne.

Worldly pomps no more attracting,
Half the Christian's conflicts cease ;
Worldly lights no more distracting,
Thou canst "trim thy lamp" in peace.

Though the world may little heed thee,
Thou hast joys it knows not of ;
For the Lord thy God doth lead thee
To the source of peace and love.

Mary ! think what lies before thee,
 Think what first thine eyes shall see ;
Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
 Crying “Ephatha” to thee !

Think how blessed thy condition,
 Think what dawn shall chase thy night ;
Faith shall end in brightest vision,
 Christ himself shall be thy light !

HYMN. CXXXII.

ZECH. xiii. 6.

“And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds
in thy hands ? And he shall answer, Those with which
I was wounded in the house of my friends.”

WHENCE these sorrows, Saviour say ?
Why so darksome is thy way ?
Wherefore does a crimson stain
On thy wounded hands remain ;
Hands which came a world to aid,
Hands which once heaven’s sceptre swayed ?

“ ‘Twas no foe this insult dared,
“ Him, my vengeance had not spared ;
“ Not the Roman soldiers cried
“ ‘ Let the Lord be crucified ;’
“ Judah’s children, Abram’s seed,
“ Caused my hands and heart to bleed.”

Lord ! each word my bosom rends ;
Wert thou wounded by thy friends ?
Traitors were the chosen few,
Those who best thy glories knew ;
Tenfold anguish ! Oh, ’twere bliss,
Had an enemy done this !

Friends of Jesus ! fear with me,
Lest yourselves the traitors be ;
Let us venture near his seat,
Bathe with tears his sacred feet ;
While our contrite spirits cry
Blessed Saviour, is it I ?

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN CXXXIII.

MARK viii. 24.

“I see men as trees walking.”

SHROUDED once in blackest night,
Not a ray of heavenly light
Pierced the gloom, nor could I see
Aught of beauty, Lord ! in thee.

Dreaming still, I fancied near
Every joy to nature dear ;
Vainly thought to seize a crown,
Honour, pleasure, wealth, renown.

Now, my opening eyes behold
Paradise, its gates unfold ;
Glad I trace the narrow way
Leading to that land of day.

But how weak my anxious gaze !
Dazzled by the radiant blaze ;
Objects near I dimly view,
Falsey judge their form and hue.

Hasten, Lord ! that blissful day
When, each shadow chased away,
Those who win the Christian race,
See their Saviour face to face !

ANONYMOUS.

HYMN CXXXIV.

HYMN OF A HINDOO CONVERT.

Put into verse, after hearing the sentiments in prose from
the mouth of the Rev. EUSTACE CAREY, of Calcutta.

Be steady, be steady, Oh, my soul,
For the sea is come, and the billows roll ;
With the help of my God, and none beside,
I shall safely pass the roaring tide.

Jesu-Jehovah, be my stay
Over the dark and troublous way ;
Embarked in him, I shall feel no fear,
Though the storm, the trial of strength be near

Forget him not ! Oh, my soul, remove
All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love ;
His wondrous love, who freely gave
His innocent life, thy life to save.

Oh ! let the dear remembrance be,
Laid up in thine inmost treasury ;
There it shall brighten more and more,
The most precious pearl in that secret store.

C. S. B.

HYMN CXXXV.

“There is no other name.”

I STOOD beside the dark death-bed,
My arm sustained the sufferer's head,
That sinking head, and glazing eye,
Proclaimed the King of Terrors nigh.

But how weak m
Dazzled by the r:
Objects near I di
Falsely judge the

Hasten, Lord ! t
When, each shad
Those who win tl
See their Saviou

HYMN

HYMN OF A H

Put into verse, after hearin
the mouth of the Rev. F

BE steady, be steady,
For the sea is come, a
With the help of my
I shall safely pass the

Yet, tyrant ! in that final hour
Thou still shalt own a mighter power :
I named the name of Christ, and lo !
It checked thy hand, and staid the blow.

Oh ! name, to every Christian dear,
But sweetest in the dying ear ;
That name, when other sounds were vain,
Could raise that sinking head again.

That glazing eye, so dull, that e'en
Our streaming tears fell all unseen,
Caught at the word a parting ray,
Herald of Heav'n's approaching day.

A smile of speechless joy that told—
Relumed those features pale and cold ;
Rallied the tongue, its powers once more
Re-echoed “ Christ !” and all was o'er !

C. S. B.

HYMN CXXXVI.

MARK xi. 9, 10.

“And they that went before, and they that followed cried, saying, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

WHAT day is this of joy and pride !
Throw, Salem, all thy portals wide ;
Receive thy Lord, give honour due,
The dust with costliest garments strew.

Thou kingly one ! thy head is bare,
No diadem is glittering there ;
But on thy brow, and in thine eye
Dwells more than mortal royalty.

A shade is on that brow's expanse,
A dim suffusion in that glance :
Whilst round thee rise hosannas glad,
Say, mighty Leader, art thou sad ?

Ah, see ! his eye is turning still,
To rest on Calvary's lonely hill ;
And when, o'er Judah's sons it str.
A moment's shudder marks the ga

Few, few the suns shall rise and se
Ere Calvary with his blood be wet.
His prescience scans that countless
Their hands are red, they bear the

Lord ! what is man, that thou can
This orb unscathed, its path pursue.
Couldst thou, for faithless race like
Desert the starry realms of bliss ?

Oh ! depth of wisdom ! here, e'en he
Love found its noblest theatre !
Thy hour of triumph, pity, caine,
'Tis that which saw our deepest sha

Lord ! meekly, silently we bow,
Our trembling hearts allegiance vow.
Oh ! let our lives, transformed by th
Thy true hosannas, Saviour, be !

HYMN CXXXVII.

MARK iii. 5.

“ Jesus saith unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole as the other.”

As in deep shades, the parent dove
Broods o'er her young in silent love,
Sweet nourishment and strength supplies,
Then calls them forth to tempt the skies ;

So, Lord, thy Spirit in the heart
Silent and still performs its part :
Then, at thy word, “ Arise ! be free ! ”
We bound to life and liberty.

That word is sounding still to all,
But strangers will not heed the call ;
Faith's quickened ear, and her's alone,
Discerns the Saviour's welcome tone.

What is it, Lord, thou bidst us do ?
“ Stretch forth the withered hand anew ? ”
Is this indeed thy will, thy voice ?
’Tis done ! we tremble but rejoice.

Spirit that deign’st in us to dwell,
Complete the mighty miracle ;
Ne’er let the hand by thee restored,
Be madly raised against its Lord.

C. S. B.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

ON

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe :
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Day is breaking, let me go !

See yon orient streak appearing !
 Harbinger of endless day ;
Hark ! a voice, the darkness cheering,
 Calls my new-born soul away !

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
 On the world's wild boist'rous flood ;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
 Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
 Now my trembling heart find rest ;
Kinder arms than thine receive me ;
 Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
 Upward turning toward their home ;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
 While they wait to see thee come !

There, my mother, pleasures centre ;
 Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter ;
 Day is breaking, let me go !

As through this calm, this holy dawning
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings, endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart !
(Though, no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet, to leave thee sorrowing, rends me,
Though again his voice I hear :
Rise ! may every grace attend thee,
Rise ! and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

HYMN CXXXIX.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me.

Pass me not, O God our Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me !
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to thee ;
For I'm longing for thy favour,
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh ! call me.
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see,
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving thee ;
 Has the world my heart been keeping,
 O ! forgive, and rescue me ! .

Even me.

Love of God—so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me !

Even me.

Pass me not, thy lost one bringing
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee !
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, O ! bless me,

Even me.

HYMN CXL.

“ Lo ! we have left all and followed thee ! ”

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Helpless, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence, my all shalt be.

Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own !

Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue :
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to save thee :
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HYMN CXLI.

On seeing a Rainbow on a dark cloud, at the time of
thunder.

Seest thou the cloud which darkly lowers,
Whose deepening gloom the storm foretels ?
Hear'st thou the peal of wrath which swells,
Announcing its destructive powers ?

Feel'st thou the quick-descending rain,
Precursor of the tempest's ire ?
Fear'st thou the deadly flash of fire,
Which makes both flight and conflict vain ?

Look yet again ; the cloud you dread
By heaven's blest arch of light is spanned;
O'er the tempest's frown its hues expand,
'Mid thickest darkness brightest spread.

Oh, might I see on every cloud,
The token of my Father's love ;
My soul with fears should never move,
Though dark the shades, the thunder loud.

Though now unseen, my sun shall shine,
And glory kindle midst the gloom ;
And his light and love to my heart become
In deepest sadness most divine.

J. H. H.

HYMN CXLII.

On being called in derision, "A Saint."

"A SAINT!" Oh! would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band!

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutations given
In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A saint ! and what imports the name,
Thus bandied in derision's game ?
" Holy, and separate from sin ;
" To good, nay, even to God akin."

Is such the meaning of a name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled with the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare
Alone such honour's weight to bear ;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.

A saint ! Oh ! give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine ;
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thine hand.

Oh ! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame ;
And scorers to their doom be hurled,
While scorned saints “shall judge the world.”

How shall the name of saints be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the word,
That none but “saints shall see the Lord.”

MARRIOTT.

HYMN CXLIII.

No, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray,
My latest breath with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

There is a heavenly mercy-seat
To calm the sinner's fears ;
There is a Saviour, at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.

When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
Eternal Rock ! to thee !

Oh for a voice of sweeter sound !
For every wind to bear—
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer !

C. S. B.

HYMN CXLIV.

“ Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none
upon earth I desire in comparison of thee ? ”

LORD of earth ! thy forming hand
Well this wondrous frame hath plann'd,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power ;—

All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,—
Friendship — gem transcending price !
Love—a flower from Paradise !
Yet amid these scenes so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but thee ?

Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light—
There in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands have clasped again.
Martyrs there, and prophets high
Blaze a glorious company !
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraphs strings ?—
Oh that scene is passing fair,
Yet should'st thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?

Lord of heaven and earth ! this breast
Seeks in thee its only rest :

I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child ;
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away—
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O could once thy smile divine
Cease upon this soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me ?
Whom have I in each but thee ?

HYMN CXLV.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
—O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HYMN CXLVI.

IMITATED.

How deep the joy, Almighty Lord,
Thy altars to the heart afford !

With envying eyes I see
The swallow fly to nestle there,
And find within the house of prayer
A bliss denied to me !

Compell'd by day to roam for food
Where scorching suns or tempests rude
Their angry influence fling,
O, gladly in that sheltered nest
She smooths, at eve, her ruffl'd breast,
And folds her weary wing.

Thrice happy wanderer ! fain would I,
Like thee, from ruder climates fly,
That seat of rest to share ;
Opprest with tumult, sick with wrongs,
How oft my fainting spirit longs
To lay its sorrows there !

Oh ! ever on that holy ground
The cov'ring cherub Peace is found,
With brooding wings serene ;
And Charity's seraphic glow,
And gleams of glory that foreshow
A higher, brighter scene.

For e'en that refuge but bestows
A transient tho' a sweet repose,
For one short hour allow'd ;
Then, upwards we shall take our flight,
To hail a spring without a blight,
A heaven without a cloud.

R. G.

HYMN CXLVII.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN CXLVIII.

JESUS, I love thy sacred name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Oh may thy grace still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN CXLIX.

WITH tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me !

It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me !

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cisterns turns,
It hears the accents, Come to me !

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from the yoke get free ;
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, Come to me !

When nature shudders, loth to part,
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to me !

Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion, Come to me !

O voice of mercy, voice of love !
In death's last fearful agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me !

HYMN CL.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created ;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare my soul to meet him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' archangel's warning ;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning ;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepar'd to meet him.

Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing ;
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing :

The day of grace is past and gone,
They shake before the judgment throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring ;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing :
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him !

LUTHER.

FINISHED BY DR. COLLIER.

INDEX.

		Hymn
Be with me: fast falls the even-tide	<i>Lyte</i>	3
n, our father and our head	<i>Watts</i>	118
ail the power of Jesus' name	<i>Peronne</i>	39
roach, my soul, the mercy seat	<i>Newton</i>	32
saint," oh! would that I could claim	<i>Marriott</i>	142
a deep shades the parent dove	<i>C. S. B</i>	137
ke, my zeal, awake my love	<i>Watts</i>	116
old a stranger at the door!	<i>Gregg</i>	79
old I come (the Saviour cries)	<i>Doddridge</i>	36
old, the gloomy vale	<i>Doddridge</i>	45
it with snares on ev'ry hand	<i>Doddridge</i>	41
steady, be steady, Oh my soul	<i>C. S. B.</i>	134
sed Redeemer, how divine	<i>Watts</i>	93
her, thou art gone before us	<i>Milman</i>	60
be here longer to detain me	<i>Cecil</i>	138
is'd from its own lov'd haunts away	<i>C. S. B.</i>	103
st, whose glory fills the skies	<i>C. Wesley</i>	147
e hither, all ye weary souls	<i>Watts</i>	84
e, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove	<i>Watts</i>	85
e, let us join our cheerful songs	<i>Watts</i>	86
e, let us join our friends above	<i>C. Wesley</i>	119

		Hymn
Come, thou long-expected Jesus !	<i>C. Wesley</i>	47
Come, ye that love the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	121
Dearest of all the names above	<i>Watts</i>	90
Dear is the hallowed morn to me	<i>Cunningham</i>	16
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove	<i>Watts</i>	87
Do not I love thee, Oh my Lord ?	<i>Doddridge</i>	37
Early, my God, without delay	<i>Watts</i>	111
Exalted high at God's right hand		72
Farewell for ever ! earthly joys	<i>G. H.</i>	141
Far from my heavenly home	<i>Lyte</i>	52
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	<i>Cowper</i>	31
Father, I want a thankful heart	<i>Toplady</i>	55
For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King		6
From Greenland's icy mountains	<i>Heber</i>	50
Give me the wings of faith to rise	<i>Watts</i>	89
God moves in a mysterious way	<i>Cowper</i>	23
God of my life, through all its days	<i>Doddridge</i>	40
God of my life to thee I call	<i>Cowper</i>	20
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet	<i>Watts</i>	98
Great God, what do I see and hear ?	<i>Luther</i>	150
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	<i>Williams</i>	30
Hallelujah ! hark, on high	<i>Pentycross</i>	68
Happy the heart where graces reign	<i>Watts</i>	88
Hark ! my soul, it is the Lord	<i>Cowper</i>	26
Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes	<i>Doddridge</i>	61
Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are		91
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims	<i>Watts</i>	114
He came, whose embassy was peace		108

		Hymn
He dies ! the friend of sinners dies		127
Holy Lord God ! I love thy truth	Cowper	24
How bright these glorious spirits shine !		
	<i>Scotch Paraphrase</i>	99
How condescending and how kind	Watts	95
How deep the joy, Almighty Lord	R. G.	146
How sad our state by nature is	Watts	96
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	Newton	64
How vain are all things here below	Watts	97
How vast the treasure we possess !	Watts	100
I heard the voice of Jesus say	H. Bonar	7
In trouble and in grief, O God	Anon.	1
In vain my fancy strives to paint	Newton	66
I send the joys of earth away	Watts	128
Is this the kind return	Watts	101
I stood beside the dark death-bed	C. S. B.	185
“It is finished,” shall we raise	Dublin Collection	74
It is thy hand, my God		83
Jesus, I love thy sacred name	Doddridge	148
Jesus, I my cross have taken		140
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	Watts	124
Jesus, lover of my soul	C. Wesley	145
Just as I am,—without one plea	Eliot	4
Just as thou art, without one trace		109
Laden with guilt and full of fears	Watts	104
Launched upon the stormy ocean	Anon.	2
Leave God to order all thy ways		76
Light of the lonely pilgrim’s heart		126
Look back, my soul, with grateful love	Doddridge	33

		Hymn
Lord, I am thine, but thou wilt prove . . .	<i>Watts</i>	77
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . .		189
Lord of earth, thy forming hand . . .		144
Lord, what a wretched land is this . . .	<i>Watts</i>	102
Lord, we adore thy vast designs . . .	<i>Watts</i>	125
Mary ! oft my mind recalls thee . . .	<i>Cowper</i>	181
Much in sorrow, oft' in woe . . .	<i>H. K. White</i>	129
My gracious Lord, thy love must be . . .		122
My hope is built on nothing less . . .		14
My Shepherd will supply my need . . .	<i>Watts</i>	78
My times of sorrow and of joy . . .	<i>Beddome</i>	18
No longer I follow a sound . . .	<i>Cowper</i>	21
No more with trembling heart I try . . .	<i>Anon.</i>	5
No, never shall my heart despond . . .	<i>C. S. B.</i>	143
Not all the blood of beasts . . .	<i>Watts</i>	92
Object of my first desire . . .	<i>Toplady</i>	67
Of all the starry regions round . . .	<i>G. H.</i>	56
Oft when the waves of passion rise . . .	<i>C. Wesley</i>	11
O from this state of sin and death . . .		46
O God, our help in ages past . . .	<i>Watts</i>	58
O Lord ! I would delight in thee . . .	<i>Ryland</i>	70
O Lord, my best desire fulfil . . .	<i>Cowper</i>	27
O Saviour, may we never rest . . .		15
O ! Thou, from whom all goodness flows . . .	<i>Hawes</i>	8
O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith . . .	<i>Toplady</i>	17
Oh ! for a closer walk with God . . .	<i>Cowper</i>	25
Oh ! for a glance of heavenly day . . .	<i>Hart</i>	59
Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice . . .	<i>Doddridge</i>	34
Oh ! that the Lord would guide my ways . . .	<i>Watts</i>	80

		Hymn
Oh ! Thou, who driest the mourner's tear	<i>Moore</i>	62
Oh would that my soul had the wings of a dove	<i>C. S. B.</i>	9
One there is above all others		49
Plunged in a gulph of dark despair	<i>Watts</i>	105
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds	<i>Doddridge</i>	42
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	<i>Madan</i>	69
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	<i>Toplady</i>	71
Seest thou the cloud which darkly lowers	<i>J. H. H.</i>	141
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive	<i>Watts</i>	82
Shrouded once in blackest night	<i>Anon.</i>	133
So did the Hebrew prophet raise	<i>Watts</i>	75
Soldiers, sworn to fight, are we	<i>C. S. B.</i>	10
Sweet sacred name, that like a spell	<i>Monsell</i>	81
The billows swell, the winds are high	<i>Cowper</i>	28
The Lord will happiness divine	<i>Cowper</i>	29
There is a fountain filled with blood	<i>Cowper</i>	18
There is a land of pure delight	<i>Watts</i>	106
There is a vale in Israel's road	<i>F. S. C.</i>	51
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love	<i>Doddridge</i>	44
Thou hidden love of God, whose height		112
	<i>From the German</i>	
Thou, whom my soul admires above	<i>Watts</i>	94
Thy neighbour ? it is he whom thou		63
'Tis a point I long to know	<i>Newton</i>	65
To Jesus, the crown of my hope	<i>Cowper & Rolleston</i>	22
Travellers through a barren waste	<i>C. S. B.</i>	12
Up to the fields where angels lie	<i>Watts</i>	115

	Hymn
We journey through a vale of tears	<i>Barton</i> 57
We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen	48
What day is this of joy and pride	<i>C. S. B.</i> 196
When gathering clouds around I view	<i>Grant</i> 48
When I can read my title clear	<i>Watts</i> 110
When I survey the wondrous cross	<i>Watts</i> 113
When languor and disease invade	<i>Toplady</i> 73
When, Lord, my former years	<i>G. H.</i> 54
When marshalled on the nightly plain	<i>H. K. White</i> 130
When struggling passions rage within	<i>G. H.</i> 58
Whence these sorrows, Saviour, say?	<i>Anon.</i> 132
While I am banished from thy house	107
While on the verge of life I stand	<i>Doddridge</i> 38
Why pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint	120
Why will ye lavish out your years	<i>Doddridge</i> 35
With joy we meditate the grace	<i>Watts</i> 128
With tearful eyes I look around	149
With years oppressed, with sorrows worn	
	<i>Sir R. Grant</i> 19
Your harps, ye trembling saints	<i>Toplady</i> 117



